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THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL
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EDITOR - Mr. B. ABDY COLLINS, C.I.E.

*Responsibility for the contents of any article appearing in these Transactions rests entirely
with the contributor and not with the Institute.*

VOL. XXI

OCTOBER, 1942

No. 3

EDITORIAL NOTES

It is with great pleasure that we again print something from Mrs. McKenzie's pen. The book which she reviews at some length, a successor to the Betty books, is quite out of the ordinary, and her analysis of a difficult subject is clear and penetrating. The communications which purport to come from Betty herself, now passed over, are an attempt to give us some idea of the nature of the world in which we shall find ourselves later on. The explanation of time, space and motion is original and deserves the serious attention of our physicists and philosophers. Like others of their kind, they provide a refutation of those who profess to find all messages either trivial or platitudinous. Those who will not or cannot believe in a future life because the accounts given of it do not square with what they think it ought to be or with the modern trend of scientific thought may find in this book something more satisfying to their fixed ideas and yet not inconsistent with some of the more ambitious attempts to describe that life received from other sources.

* * *

We hope the time is not far distant when an attempt will be made by a competent philosopho-physicist or physico-philosopher to construct a synthesis of the best authenticated descriptions of the continuous existence of which life here forms only a part under conditions in which mind and spirit find it most difficult to develop. Such an exposition well carried through, by preference by someone with an established

reputation, might do much to break down the prejudices of those who condemn without wide reading and proper understanding. At present, those books which attract the greatest attention in the national press and the literary reviews are by no means always the most informing and so the case for survival is prejudged, not on the best evidence. Such books as *The Road to Immortality* and *Personality Survives Death* have not received the notice they deserve and need an interpreter to a wider public and the world of philosophy. So far as our observation goes, a book of this type has little chance of gaining the ear of the public or intellectual circles unless it is written by someone with a name well known for some other reason.

* * *

One of the most marked trends of the present time is the extent to which our dramatists are drawing for their plots on their knowledge of things psychic. Plays produced for the stage which centre round communications with the dead are becoming common. These attract attention in the press but are of course only seen by a limited number. The most striking development is on the wireless. To one who listens in by no means regularly the number of radio plays that depend on a psychic plot is impressive. Anyone with a knowledge of psychic literature can sometimes recognise an old friend in a new dress. The recent sketch entitled "South, South-West," for instance, is simply an altered version of the old spiritualist story from Dale Owen's *Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World*. We have the same stranger in the Captain's cabin who writes a message, the only difference being that in the book the course is North, North-West. The dénouement is very similar.

* * *

There is no doubt that the technique of the radio is more favourable to the illusion of other worldness than the stage, and the effect is often weird and compelling. On the whole, too, the radio dramatists seem more favourable to the idea of survival and not by any means always hostile to the medium. The recent production of a playlet about Dean Swift and Stella is a good example of this understanding attitude. This is all the more important because the radio play is heard

by a vast audience. It seems probable that in time the influence of the wireless will in this way do something to break down the present prejudice against attempts to prove survival by scientific means. The British public will begin to think that after all there may be something in it.

* * *

We have been reading *Diagnosis of Man*, a new book by Kenneth Walker, a well-known Harley Street surgeon. It describes itself as "a survey of man from the points of view of biology, psychology, Western and Eastern philosophy and of religion." It is the best balanced of all such surveys we have read. Sir Charles Sherrington's Gifford lectures published as *Man and his Nature* betray a narrower outlook, with a profound professional knowledge based on much less wide study of philosophy and religion. Dr. Alexis Carrel's *Man the Unknown* is a book of wider scope than this and in some ways more candid than *Diagnosis of Man* but he has less breadth of view and less knowledge of the history of man's spiritual side. Mr. Walker has a wide knowledge of Eastern religions and philosophies and not the least interesting part of his book is the comparisons he draws between them and Christianity.

* * *

It is all the more strange that from the beginning to the end of his book Mr. Walker does not mention the words psychical research or even hint at the lessons which so many men of science and religion have learnt from it. It seems almost incredible that he could have avoided mention of these things, insisting as he does on the spiritual essence of man, on the triumphs of Christian Science, and on the reality of the mystical vision. Mr. Walker ends on a spiritual note: yet Dr. Alexis Carrel after bearing personal testimony to the truth of extra sensory perception (to use an all embracing term) and other things established by psychical research in the end pins all his hopes for the future of man on purely material means. We could say that Mr. Walker needed only to have included a discussion of the achievements of psychical research in his survey to have produced one of the great books of modern times. As it is, by averting his gaze deliber-

ately from facts which he deems inconvenient or incredible he creates doubts as to his strictly scientific outlook.

* * *

We are publishing the first of two articles by Capt. Craufurd, in which he claims to have got into touch with Mr. and Mrs. Crandon and Walter. There is nothing so far very evidential but this may come ; and in any case, we hope that the sittings will be of interest to those of our readers who took a sympathetic view of "Margery's" life and work. If this should catch the eye of the circle with whom the Crandons claim to be working on the other side of the Atlantic, will they kindly communicate with PSYCHIC SCIENCE so that they may be put in touch with Capt. Craufurd ?

* * *

Students of Psychic Science will be glad to hear that the valuable work of the late Dr. Glen Hamilton of Winnipeg has now been recorded in book form by Mrs. Glen Hamilton and her sons. It is a record of years of painstaking experiments in a home circle, with several fine physical and mental mediums, when unique photographic work was undertaken, comparable with that accomplished by Baron von Schrenck-Notzing with the medium Eva C., and of the highest scientific value to our subject.

The book is to be published in October by Messrs. MacMillan of Toronto (no price mentioned so far) ; attractively bound and profusely illustrated from the original photographs. Many private students in this country may like to obtain it through their booksellers.

DEATH IS NOT THE END

By

B. ABDY COLLINS, C.I.E.

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THE UNOBSTRUCTED UNIVERSE*

By MRS. HEWAT MCKENZIE

It is one of the misfortunes of war that it has interrupted the regular flow of good literature between the U.S.A. and ourselves. Hence the delay in providing a review of this important book of which all psychic students should be aware. Happily a copy reached the Institute, through a friend, which has now made it possible.

The Unobstructed Universe is a continuation of the teachings of *The Betty Book* (1937) and *Across the Unknown* (1938) by the same author, Stewart Edward White, the distinguished American writer and traveller.

"Betty," whose identity as the author's wife was only revealed when the second book was published, died just as that was completed. Both books recorded the psychic communications received through her mediumship over a period of years, and faithfully recorded at the time of the sittings by White, a work of immense labour as all who have had to deal with a record of continuous sittings know. Without that devoted labour the matter would have been lost to us as so much has been and we record here our thanks to the author for his contribution to our knowledge. A note was added to *Across the Unknown*, to the effect that contrary to White's expectation he had received himself, within an hour of Betty's death, the most profound sense of her continued presence with him, which gave him intense joy and conviction of her survival. This continued unabated during the succeeding months and was of such an intimate character that he almost dreaded the resumption of messages of the ordinary type should opportunity arise for those. I recall this for those who may not have read the previous books to make the sequence plain.

Betty was a natural seer, a woman of culture, charm, humour, and also of deep religious feeling, but with nothing 'pious' about her. The results of her mediumship through the aid of the 'Invisibles,' her 'other side' friends, changed

*By Stewart Edward White. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York (1940). \$2.50.)

the whole current of her own and her husband's thought, enrolling them among the servers of humanity in a new way and bringing them complete conviction as to the constant interaction of the two worlds. Their studies and experiment had brought them intimate contacts with other literary persons who too had sought and found along the same lines. Amongst these were Joan and Darby who twenty years before had published their own experiences in a remarkable book, *The Unseen Guest*. Their identity is still undisclosed but they are both well-known professional workers. Margaret Cameron, the well-known writer had also published *The Seven Purposes* about the same time, also from her own mediumship. Both these books had a powerful influence on serious psychism in the States after the last war and the latter contains a clear cut picture of the present plight of humanity, little thought of in those days when America was in the full flush of prosperity. Circumstances made it possible for these friends and two others to meet the Whites, of San Francisco, in New York at Joan's home, for a few weeks a year or so before Betty's death. They sat as a group for a series of sittings under the instructions of the guides, and quite significant physical phenomena was produced, unknown through any one present previously. This is recorded in *Across the Unknown*.

Distance separated the friends again and there was only occasional communication but it had been established that Betty and Joan were attuned psychically and could work together as a team with their guides.

Not till a year after Betty's death was White able to visit these friends in New York. Joan and Darby had almost closed down on sustained psychic work, but Joan was ready to allow Betty to speak through her, in trance, if she showed a desire to do so. So the new communications began with Betty now the other side communicator, Joan the medium, and White and Darby the recorders and interlocutors. Forty sessions were held from time to time as White was able to get to New York. The first sittings were occupied with the most intimate messages from Betty to her husband, dealing with matters unknown to Joan, and also messages to Betty's sister and other friends containing information unknown either to Joan or White, later verified. They did not seek

for such evidence, but Betty evidently desired to give it. For them there was the old familiar vivid personality, her mannerisms, her gaiety and humour, her very expressions. In her own work during her life the communications had dealt with the right pattern of living for those who accepted survival and the contribution they could make to life. Now she declared that her intention, and that of the group with which she was associated, was to make as clear as she could the technique of interaction between the two worlds. She required and secured the complete attention of the two brilliant men present, who received her statements critically and by their questions, which she desired, elucidated many points. She kept them mentally wrestling all the time and both men agreed that to get over the philosophy and knowledge she had given them in such a short period would have been quite impossible for them and certainly beyond the ability of Joan. Betty said that she had a splendid instrument in Joan, one who gave willing co-operation and had the *potentiality* for the transmission of such ideas. This has been stated before as a requisite for good communication. The case of the seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, supports it. Poor and uneducated, he yet became the medium for a profound philosophy. The mental content of the group which sits with a medium must also be taken into account, and also the other side group, which according to Betty was in this case experienced in communication. It looks as if there had been considerable previous preparation by the other side to get this matter through and the opportunity seized when it presented itself.

"What all people need," said Betty in her first talk through Joan, "is a new presentation of the truth in the light of their own time and the terms of their own knowledge, so that each may seek truth's comfort for himself and find it if he will." "Only by a re-establishment of the old faith in the continuity, the worth whileness, the purpose and responsibility of life can people or nations regain stability. *Stability* is what you have lost and now seek to regain, not security. Security is material, stability is spiritual.. Stability is the soul, the character of peoples. Given that, man makes his own security." "Stability, real foundation-rock, no man can have without faith in immortality. Earth life would have

no point, would be too much to ask of man, without immortality." The present collapse of civilisation in her opinion was the result of "loss of faith in the present fact of immortality." Immortality, not some vague distant possibility but for man here, now. The 'hereness' of immortality she constantly emphasized. What she wished to get over to them was in the nature of a 'divulgence,' an unfolding of new thought about that other world of which she was a denizen.

Betty claimed that in Joan she had found a very fine psychic, one who could *forget* herself. Communication she said required "a keyed-upness from the spiritual side (her own) and a calmness from the psychical" (Joan). All through the book there are many illuminating thoughts on the right use of mediumship and its conditions, that it is we who by our density make communication difficult for them. "The limitations of relationship between the two worlds are for the most part limited only in your world," is one useful remark, but mediumship, as such, is not the main theme.

Betty's first and often repeated provocative statement was that "*There is only one Universe.*" An 'unwalled' universe as the mystics and poets have so often asserted, but which ordinary men fail to understand. For them the gulf between the 'here' and the 'there' seems impassable. "Your world and mine are the same, only you are not conscious of mine. I see both" said Betty. "By means of prayer many have realised the hereness of the Unseen; for many this is the only way and always helpful, others must search deeply and by imagination and analogy get the *feel*, as Betty often called it, of its nearness. That is where man's striving comes in, they cannot do it for us. It was the same world for both but while ours might be likened to a photograph in black and white, their aspect might be compared to a colour photograph full of suggestion, the same reality but something more. Betty coined a good name for her sitters, White and Darby, and for the part she expected them to play in the sessions. While Joan was the 'receiving' station and Betty the 'transmitting,' they must act as 'conceiving' stations, and do their own energising over what was given. No 'spoon-feeding' was to be allowed—a useful hint for all circles.

The difference between those who have passed on and ourselves is in the 'awareness-mechanism' used. It is the same fundamentally but the use is different. The difference between the two worlds was a difference of 'frequency,' a word to which she often resorted, of knowing how to tune in. "The gap between the two worlds has never been mechanically bridged—the highest material sensitivity is lower than the lowest in that other state of being." One of Betty's functions in communication was to enable Joan to 'step-up' her frequency, to help the medium in the release of her subconscious, so that she, Betty, might be able to draw upon Joan's storehouse of memory and utilise her potential powers. The subconscious might, to use the words of the physicist, be likened to a magnetic field of a certain degree of attraction. Like fields send and receive impulses, so psychically one may get correct communication or there may be interferences or leaks from fields of the same tuning. With care this need not happen often—Betty claimed it did not happen during these sittings. Strict laws governed deliberate interference on the other side and the consequence of breaking these were severe.

"*Consciousness is the one and only reality*," the starting point for everything, was a second often repeated affirmation. Consciousness, which was in evolution, had two aspects; on earth its manifestations are *quantitative*, on the unseen side they are *qualitative*. Man is born man with a certain quality of consciousness which has its degrees for different individuals, his job on earth is to use this quantitatively. When he fails to do so, allows his talents to rust, he has failed in achieving the purpose of life. There is consciousness in all created things, a tree consciousness, a mineral, and so forth, each with its own initial quality and its opportunity for quantitative development.

All form is an attribute of consciousness in both aspects of the Universe,—form remains as indicative of the evolution attained, qualitative and quantitative.

The parallelism of spiritual law with earth law was stated to be "the greatest reality of all the glimpses of truth given to man." Later the assertion was amplified as the extension in operation of the same law into the other world. "You

have no familiar attribute in the obstructed universe that is not parallel with a coinciding operating attribute and law in the unobstructed universe." Many laws have not yet been discovered on earth but there is no law in the unseen which is not potentially discoverable on earth."

Our universe is an obstructed one—we are hindered by matter on every hand. But science informs us that all around us are unseen colours, sounds, energies, a physical world certainly, but undetected by the five senses. These cause us no obstruction like ordinary matter and give a hint even now of an unobstructed universe.

Next came the suggestion that the energies of our aspect, the obstructed universe, operate in roughly defined groups of threes—trilogies—solids, liquids, gases; length, breadth, thickness: yesterday, to-day, to-morrow. The unobstructed aspect has also its *trilogia*, a name given to differentiate its action from that of earth. Here consciousness operates through time, space and motion; all our actions take place within these three. The spiritual counterpart of these are the essences or very being of Time—Receptivity, Space—Conductivity, Motion—Frequency. According to Betty nothing in the universe was absolute in the general meaning; for consciousness the only reality is in evolution and cannot be an absolute.

This idea did not reject a Supreme degree of Consciousness—God—that thought implied infinity which is beyond our earth understanding. This view was a hard one for her hearers to accept—they had been trained in the logical reasoning of their time—but as the discussion proceeded they began to see that this view gave them release, scope, from certain fixed ideas, for absolute had within it a connotation of 'static' which Betty declared her world certainly was not. Exercising themselves in the thought of the essences of the unobstructed world, Receptivity, Conductivity, Frequency, they began to stretch themselves as it were into the *Feel* of that world. Our time, space, motion are but the results, the appearances of the essences projected upon the earth, their quantitative aspects. Betty coined a Greek word 'orthos,' true, correct, inclusive, to describe the unobstructed aspect. In it was the standard, the norm, of which all else is but a reflection.

It also is in evolution but can only evolve correctly, undeviatingly, true to itself. It is fundamental reality. It was not 'heaven,' this in reply to a question, but it had in it the old ideas of fulfilment and unspoiledness as conditions; it was but a glimpse upon which she wished them to dwell.

Long discussions followed on time, space and motion, a subject peculiarly fascinating to the modern intellectual. Sidereal—clock time—and psychological time which makes five minutes seem an hour when you are waiting for the pot to boil, indicated that time was malleable here. But there was a third time, the orthic, the true, in the unobstructed universe, of which occasional glimpses were even now caught by man. The moments when he completely forgets both space and time as if past, present and future coalesce. In our deepest consciousness we get glimpses of this true time, of the 'I Am' that we are, not just a Becoming but a Being. Such a condition Betty claimed operated as the norm in her universe though it too was malleable.

Space was discussed in the same way. We are telescoping space in these days of new speeds, we cover it without realising it, though we have still many obstructions we pass through great tracts of space which have none for us. We use its conductivity here. In 'orthic' space there is a fluidity unknown to us. It is unobstructed beyond our dreams. Her hearers were brought right into a discussion of time-space as postulated by physicists.

Motion, our utilisation of time-space, requires energy which is never expended in action: it is merely distributed again into finer and finer vibrations. Behind all energy is an 'orthic' stir or activating impulse, life itself. In 'orthic' conditions time, space and motion or the essences of these have a quality of *instancy* which escapes us and of *perpetualness* which we have dreamed of but have not encompassed. Here Betty again expanded the thought of 'frequency,' the essence of motion. We can shorten time by increasing its receptivity, what we can pack into the given moment; we can realise the conductivity of space, and in radio transmission almost obliterate the thought of it, when the spoken word at an immense distance reaches us almost simultaneously, and the lag is ignored. In motion, we get a hint through the *power*

of *thought* of 'frequency' in which all obstacles are overcome and we can be where our thought takes us without the necessity of travel. This gives us a clue to the operations of the unobstructed universe where thought is all powerful.

Arrestment was another word often used by Betty. Here we are constantly arrested, held by obstructions. It is a condition of earth life. But occasionally we escape, are lifted out of ourselves and feel we belong to a freer universe; to accomplish this we have to aspire *qualitatively*. It is not an obdurate limitation, more a suspension, which we can break if we choose to learn the way. Matter we are told is but aggregates of energy and by studying 'frequencies' we may remove our arrestment at any given stage.

So Betty tried to prove to them that there is no wall between the two aspects. They have already much in common and are so like in texture that they often interfuse. There is a growing 'no man's land' in scientific discovery which brings us nearer to bridging the gap, but the material discoveries must be assisted by psychological effort. Thought, imagination, experiments in psychic sensitivity, are important in this pioneering effort.

We have come to a point in evolution where 'consciousness must be ploughed.' Mechanical progress must be paralleled with psychological and spiritual progress. The way has been pointed out to us in all scriptures, particularly in the Old Testament and in the Christian revelation, but man reverts again and again to the worship of the golden calf, worshipping the creature and forgetting the Creator. This must cease if man is to attain his majority, the destiny for which he was created—the knowledge that he himself is in evolution as well as being part of that greater evolution of the whole world of consciousness that must and will go on, that his own little segment of an obstructed universe and what happens upon it are only a part, though a vitally important part, of the greater whole. He could spare himself much misery by absorbing this thought and applying it in all his relations with his fellow man. The teaching has a profound ethical significance and could indeed make a new world. To gain fresh glimpses of these truths Betty sagely remarked, "Find one of your own step-ladders—whatever seems to

help you, climb to the top of it and reach from there."

Nothing new, readers may say, but the need for application is upon us as never before. It is the true and constant message at all times of the spirit world, whether through religion or through modern spiritualism and it now brooks no delay. Truth never varies but men's understanding of it does, and a reiteration of old knowledge expressed in the language of to-day may compel new attention. The message of this book is for those who ask, "Where shall wisdom be found and where is the place of understanding?"

PSYCHIC BRIDGE

By Jane Sherwood. (Rider & Co., 6/-.)

This little book of 80 pages is something rather different from the usual run of psychic books. It starts on not uncommon lines with the writer distracted by the death of a loved husband, yet certain in her own mind that somehow he persists. Eventually she communicates with him through her own hand, but this is neither the climax nor the object as it were of her quest and it is with a shock that one realises that success is not obtained till 20 years after his death, but apparently, for everything is very vague, after five years of effort to develop psychic powers. Her first communicator is a complete stranger who has recently passed over and a third—for only three "regulars" are mentioned—is what a less sophisticated person would describe as a high guide. He attempts to explain life and the universe but in language that neither the authoress nor I think anyone without a touch of mysticism can fully comprehend.

The whole set up of the world of survival as indicated in this book is very strange. The first communicator does not seem to have got into contact with anyone on his new plane. Her husband, too, describes his after life and that of the rest of his associates killed like himself in the last war as a struggle against all kinds of difficulties unrelieved by any assistance from those on or above the new plane. Finally, most strange of all, he learns of the outbreak of a new war with Germany from his wife and will not at first believe it. Yet the writer of the book seems to find in all this a more satisfactory philosophy of life than the more usual accounts from those who pass over. She suffers to some extent from what I might call the superiority complex which infects some inquirers. She would do well to read a book like *What Lies Beyond*, also reviewed in this issue.

However, it is an interesting book and likely to appeal to those with a mystical turn of mind.—B.A.C.

POLTERGEIST IN A SCOTTISH MANSION HOUSE.

By J. W. HERRIES

In the spring of 1940, I was asked to visit a mansion house in the east of Scotland in which disturbances had taken place which seemed to be of a poltergeist nature. A statement made to me by a responsible Edinburgh man, who knew the facts as related by the occupants of the house, was to the effect that disturbances had occurred at intervals over a period of some months, and that in February, 1940, they became frequent and very troublesome. The manifestations were varied in character. Furniture was moved and noises were heard. The whole of the pictures in the house had been found on one occasion on the floor, and all the pictures containing likenesses of the owner had been smashed. There was a considerable number of these—photographs of the owner as a child and afterwards at various ages, and in army uniforms.

The disturbances became so troublesome that the family arranged with an Episcopalian clergyman from a neighbouring town to visit the house, and some kind of service was held; but there appeared to be no improvement. Sometimes, I was informed, jars and vases were hurled through the air, and smashed against the walls or the stairs. The wife of the owner had told my informant that on one occasion, after leaving the drawing-room, in which everything was in order, she heard a thump, and returning immediately found the furniture in the room thrown about and most of it in the middle of the floor.

There was a curious episode relating to billiard balls. The proprietor's wife had noticed eccentric movement of these billiard balls, and she took a red and white ball and in the darkness hid them in the soil in the garden. Soon afterwards a white billiard ball appeared on the floor of her room, rolling about in an unaccountable manner. She went to where the balls had been hidden and found that the white ball was now missing. It was this ball which apparently had re-appeared in her room.

On another occasion when she was concerned about her husband's health—he had been given a sleeping draught by the doctor—she was outside his room listening to hear if he was breathing properly. Her own room was at the end of a short flight of stairs off the passage, a little beyond where she was sitting. A large workbasket which stood in the corner of her room came down the short stairway and emptied itself in front of her. She immediately investigated but found no one in that part of the house.

On another occasion a chest of drawers moved about in her presence. She seized a cushion and placed it against the chest of drawers and tried to prevent it moving further. The cushion was snatched away and the chest of drawers moved with a force that she could not resist.

There is a considerable body of evidence for the occurrences, although most of the witnesses are members of the family or of the household staff. An Edinburgh professional man, however, has had some first-hand experiences. He visited the house and heard the stories of the occupants, and was naturally a little uncertain what to make of them, as occurrences of this kind were something entirely new to him. While he was conferring with the owner of the house a cigarette case flew across the room. He did not see how it came to be projected. While this occurrence was in line with what he was told, he postulated the possibility of a natural explanation. When he was passing through the hall a large brass object which occupied a place on the wall fell on the floor. He has confided to me that amongst various other experiences one of them at least seems to be capable of no normal explanation. He was seated in the business room, a large front apartment on the ground floor, after hearing a statement of the abnormal occurrences in the house, and was reflecting on what he had been told. He was alone at the time. He lighted a cigarette and put the burnt match in an ashtray balanced on the arm of his chair. He noticed that there were already seven or eight burnt matches in the tray. After a short interval he proceeded to knock the ash from the end of his cigarette, when to his surprise he saw that the ashtray was empty. This struck him as strange, for he was certain the match-sticks had been there a few seconds previously.

Then looking aside he found the burnt match-sticks arranged at regular intervals along the arm of the chair. He is quite clear about this episode.

This witness was wakened by noises several times during the night. A considerable thud occurred outside his door, and as he was very much on the alert he sprang out at once with a view to discovering whether there was anyone on the stair or the adjoining passage. He found outside his room a large jar, which apparently had struck with such force that it was broken into tiny splinters. It had to be swept up. There was a carpet on the floor, and an ordinary fall in his view could not have resulted in such a complete demolition.

The household included, in addition to the proprietor and his wife, a daughter and a daughter-in-law, and a governess, and when I visited the house a head housemaid and a second maid. Owing to shortage of staff, arrangements were made for the gardener's wife to come in and help with housework. In the first week of March, shortly before the day fixed for my visit, the house was damaged by fire, which seemed to originate more or less simultaneously in twenty different rooms. The local fire brigade was called out, and the outbreak or outbreaks were soon under control.

The marks of the fire were still very obvious when I visited the house. An extraordinary feature was the points of origin. In some of the rooms the fires seemed to have originated in an upper corner at the height of the ceiling. There seemed to be no possible explanation why any ordinary fire should break out at these points. It may here be stated that a claim was made on an insurance company and after a full investigation they decided to settle the claim.

I visited the house on March 19th, 1940, along with Mr. J. B. McIndoe, Glasgow, and Mrs. McCallum, Glasgow, who is well-known in Scotland as a direct voice medium. The visit, so far as phenomena are concerned, was practically blank. I spent the night in the business room already mentioned. There was no disturbance of any kind. In the morning the head housemaid brought in a cup of tea and spoke freely about the disturbances and destruction to furniture. Two dogs came into the room and were very demonstrative and friendly. Shortly afterwards I left the

room to proceed upstairs and found the gardener's wife doing out the hall. I spoke to her, and on returning a little later she informed me that I had only reached the turn of the stairs when she heard a noise in the room. It was no part of her duty to go into any of the rooms but she thought she should see what had happened. On entering she saw a large square table, with two heavy leaves which folded upwards, and mounted on a heavy triangular pedestal, on its side. There were a considerable amount of articles on the table, writing materials, candlesticks, and these were in a heap on the floor, some of them broken. There was only one door to the room and the gardener's wife had been just outside this at the time. She stated that there was no one in the room when she entered. The dogs raise a point for consideration. Could the table have been upset by them? They had left the room some time before I left it, and if they had been in the room I think the gardener's wife would have been certain to have mentioned them. When later some of us were discussing the incident in the room the dogs came back. I noticed that they were much more subdued in their manner. Was this due to some perception on their part of something wrong? I do not see in the circumstances how the dogs could have anything to do with the episode.

In the course of the visit a seance was held by Mrs. McCallum, in which various voices were heard, but there seemed to be nothing very relative to the manifestations. I was informed some months later that the manifestations in the house, although occasionally abnormal occurrences were noted, had become much less troublesome.

There seems little doubt, from the number of direct and indirect witnesses, and from consideration of the whole circumstances, that the manifestations in this Scottish mansion house belong to the poltergeist order. Supernormal power was used in the shifting of furniture and throwing about of missiles, and there is evidence of intelligence behind the manifestations. These occurrences appeared to be a matter of knowledge and comment in the district. Generally the attitude of the owner of the house and his wife was one of annoyance and distaste for the abnormal happenings, and they were extremely anxious that some method should be

found of putting an end to them. The fact that damage occurred to household goods to the extent of about £400, by breakages as well as a result of the fire, indicates that the owners had good reason to wish the manifestations at an end.

BRIEF DARKNESS

By Mrs. Gladys Osborne Leonard. (Cassell, 10/6.)

Another book, her third, by Mrs. Leonard is an event in the psychic world. Mrs. Leonard has won for herself a unique place in psychical research. Those who have only read the records in the Proceedings of the S.P.R. have no idea of the heights to which she can rise—or should I say Feda can rise? In Dennis Bradley's *Towards the Stars* for instance, the communications are, one might say, perfect of their kind. Certainly, her good faith is now accepted by all as something beyond question. Therefore a further personal record of her own experiences is of the greatest interest. To my mind the two special features of this book are her out-of-the-body experiences and her visits by this means or in sleep to her husband on the other side. In these days space precludes a lengthy review. So I merely recommend everyone to read the book for themselves.

B.A.C.

MEDIUMSHIP AND WAR

By Frederic H. Wood, Mus. Doc. (Rider & Co., 6/-.)

Dr. Wood's previous books have all been written to prove the reality of his communications from the Lady Nona. Her messages in the ancient Egyptian tongue are some of the best examples of xenoglossy we have. This book is something different. It shows how his medium 'Rosemary' was used by his brother (J.D.W.) to foreshadow the coming of the present war and some of its most striking and unexpected events. We are given to understand that some of these prophecies were conveyed in good time to the highest quarter. Whether any attention was paid to them is not said. An unbiassed reading of the book leads one to say that while many of the prognostications of J.D.W. are wonderfully correct and perhaps more are certainly correct than those which proved wrong, they present the usual feature of prophecies which makes them of little value as a practical guide to life. This is that until the event takes place one can never be sure that they will be true. And surely it is just as well that this should be so. Those that are true can probably be best explained as a reading of the mind and intentions of Hitler and his satellites rather than a mere forecast of the future. However, to those who take interest in prophecies—and many do who have no interest in spiritualism or psychical research—this will prove a book of absorbing interest.

B.A.C.

THE RETURN OF MARGERY

I

By CAPTAIN QUENTIN C. A. CRAUFURD, R.N. (Ret.)

Readers of PSYCHIC SCIENCE will be aware of the nature of my researches from an article in the issue of April, 1942 ; so I shall not deal now with what may be regarded as the scientific side of my work, confining myself to what I regard as evidence of Margery Crandon's return, with proof of her personality.

Our circle on this side consists of D.D., a positive medium, N.C., a negative medium, and myself. The two ladies receive the communications by placing their hands on Planchette, sitting facing each other, while I place my finger-tips on the box I have constructed, which I call a condenser, at a third side of the same table. The writing goes between the two mediums, except for one communicator only, a relative, who always writes at right angles, immediately in front of N.C.

I am still experimenting with the condenser, which is the result of trial and error over a long period. Our circle on the Other Side consists of a number of tested friends, all with marked characteristics, under the chairmanship of Henry Marshall, a lawyer, who tells us he was a contemporary of Prince Albert. A nephew of mine, Jock, tells us he is constructing a similar condenser on his side, which is to work in unison with mine, and it has been proved that with the aid of these instruments I (who have, to my knowledge, no psychic gifts) am able to contribute psychic force to the circle.

On the 13th December, 1941, on a stormy evening, we sat as usual. No writing appeared for some time, but I felt a strong reaction in the condenser by tingling in my finger-tips. D.D. murmured, "They seem to be far away." I, too, had a sensation of distance hard to describe. Suddenly Planchette began.

"America calling, calling. America holds the key."

The writing was easy and unforced, but we were not impressed by what seemed to be mere American boasting. Then a large, strong writing began, performed with immense vigour.

"WALTER."

Then the soft round hand began again. "Margery. Yes, friends, now we can be an American voice for you."

I was delighted. Margery Crandon and Walter! Who could be more welcome? But could it be true? I greeted Margery enthusiastically. I had known her years ago, but only through correspondence.

"We have had a shock, but not for long." (A reference to Pearl Harbour?) "This is temporary, and now America will really wake. Walter and I have joined a fraternity on this side that is working very hard to make our countrymen waken to the

strength of eternal verities. It is very interesting to see things from the other side of the glass. We have met your Doctor. He is a wonderful person. You are real lucky."

Margery was referring to Doktor Leo, a Polish doctor on their side, who has recently joined us, and whom we value highly.

I spoke eagerly about Margery, but D.D. and N.C. only vaguely realised who she was, and could not understand why I was so excited. I turned to Margery and said I expected that Dr. Crandon was there, too. Margery replied, "Sure."

I then continued to speak aloud to the Crandons, recalling the thumb-print controversy, and I asked if they would say anything about that, but Margery replied, "We will only greet you to-night, because we must not empty the battery, but hope to have many chats with you. Good-night, and all our good wishes. M.C."

I had never met the Crandons. A friendship by correspondence was started by the publication in *Light* of some lines I had written following the report of the American Harvard group of researchers:

MARGERY*

When Newton cleft the shimmering beam
 Into component colour-bands,
 Men said that light, the purest thing,
 Was desecrated by his hands.
 They little guessed the human race
 Was bridging interstellar space
 For others, following patiently,
 Unravelling strands within the rope
 Of myriad twisted frequency
 Bound close in single harmony—
 At length evolved the spectroscope !
 So shall it be in later days
 That those who care to stoop and sift
 A meaning out of this your work
 Shall learn to bless you for your gift.

While you endure the charge of fraud
 With those who patiently explore
 The ocean of our destiny
 With driftwood from an unknown shore
 (Phenomena in darkened room);
 Slow grows the pattern on the loom.
 Yet every hour yourself has spent
 Beneath suspicion's haughty creed,
 A thousand minds from anxious doubt
 Be sure your fettered hands have freed,
 Be sure a future slowly moves
 Towards its splendid augury,
 Outshining faith with proven fact
 Revealed by grace of 'Margery'.

The Crandons wrote to me, and our friendship was established. At my request, Mrs. Crandon had sent me two signed photographs.

* With acknowledgments to *The International Psychic Gazette* and *Light*, 1931.

On the 17th December, 1941, the seance started well, and some good advice had been given to D.D. by Dr. Leo. Then a new writer came. We recognised Margery's hand.

"Good evening, dear Captain C. We are looking forward to telling you about our present activities, as we have been invited to join your circle. Walter and your very nice nephew have already planned to work together. Mina S. Crandon."

I had mentally expressed the wish that she would write her signature to compare with that on one of the photographs. One was signed 'Margery,' the other 'Mina Crandon,'—or so I had always thought. But when I fetched the portrait, there was the 'S,' which had previously escaped me, in the signature. We remarked the similarity of the writing, especially the formation of the initial 'M.'

She continued: "My work has not ended, but of course the form is not quite the same. We have now contacted Sir O. L. He is lovely."

Walter came in with large, heavy, energetic script. "Gosh, what a world this is! I don't know where to begin, and am so full of beans! WALTER S."

We greeted him warmly, and poked some fun at him, saying that his huge writing would soon exhaust our stock of paper. "You don't realise that there is a war on and that we are hard up for supplies."

He responded at once in a very small and cramped writing, executed at a wild speed. "Don't I? That is just where you are wrong!"

"Well, Walter," I said, "what about joining up with Jock and doing some fighting? Why not heave a few bricks of that brimstone of yours into the melée? What are you doing?"

"Dropping pellets on the damned Japs!"

"Good for you, Walter," I replied. "And is Dr. Crandon with you?"

Planchette wrote slowly and with difficulty, "As ever, C."

I thanked Dr. Crandon, and Walter resumed, "I suppose you would have fits if I played with your medium as I did with the Kid!"

D.D. replied to him, and N.C. said, "Walter, the Japs have occupied our little garden in Kowloon. Could you not drop a few pellets of brimstone on them for me?"

Walter replied, "Done, lady! Lots of them!"

I said, "Does Jock take you to sea with him?" (Jock was lost at sea when H.M.S. *Courageous*, Aircraft Carrier, went down.)

"Submarine, Penang," was Walter's reply. We did not understand this, and asked Walter to amplify. "Some things can't be told yet, but you asked where J.W. and I had been to sea, and answer see above. J.W. is a good young man, doesn't wear horns and a tail. Can't whistle to you, but shall perhaps some day. Gosh! What a funny gang you have got around you, but guess

I will ginger you up a bit. Up the Stars and Stripes! So off we go. Good-night all. Can you smell brimstone?"

I replied in the same vein, "Like hell we can, Walter! And good-night to you all."

For the sitting on the 28th February, 1942, I had prepared a new condenser, with various changes in design. It was not quite finished, but I was anxious to test it and to see if my collaborators on the Other Side approved of it.

After a pause, Planchette wrote, "Good when permeated with psychic force." So apparently the new condenser was going to be a success. The message appeared to come from the Polish doctor.

Then another hand took control, writing a small and neat script. We guessed from the influence surrounding it who it might be, and, in the way we now recognised as characteristic of Mrs. Crandon, the end of the message was indicated by a gradual slowing-down of the writing, which had been rapid and easy. "Conditions are very difficult, but when they begin to improve we shall be able to do much more, as we also have not been idle in the interval."

There had actually been a fairly long interval, as D.D. had been busy. So Margery, commenting on my work on the condenser since the last sitting, suggests that our friends on the Other Side had also been occupied. At this point we suggested a pause for making tea.

"Do so."

"One moment," I said, needing confirmation, "who is writing this pretty hand?"

"So glad you like it. M.C."

The initials were not quite clear, so I asked, "Is that Mrs. Crandon? Can you repeat, please?"

"Margery."

We greeted the Crandon group but as conditions were difficult and a rest seemed advisable and had been agreed to by our communicators, there was an interval of about quarter of an hour during which I told the others much about Margery and Walter, appealing to them for confirmation exactly as if they were present in the flesh. The conversation is unrecorded but Margery takes it up at the point reached in the general conversation where we had been speculating as to the cause of her absence since December. Walter had been taking part in some experiments with J.W.W. and helping out his script.

"We have been very busy with our circle in America, developing mediums to carry on our work. We would like to work with you, but your little circle has not enough force for really powerful work, so we shall be just happy to talk to you sometimes. Walter is very interested in your box condenser; says you want handles to grasp."

"Right, Walter, I can easily fit handles, of course, but I want to know how to connect them. I fancy one might be to the inner coating, and the other to the outer. That would place the condenser in parallel with me. At present, with my hands on the outside, it is in series, and I am inclined to think that is not so good. I want your advice."

Walter replied in his usual laconic and vigorous style, "Outside." He then drew a rough picture. "Condense your scanty force, and supply your medium."

As he wrote the last words, I had the impression of the condenser becoming radio-active on the inside and filling the atmosphere within with a sort of incense, as if it contained an incense-burner. I had not looked at it in that way before, but the idea of creating a smoke atmosphere of, possibly, radio-active particles issuing from the inside of the condenser, is very reasonable, and might render visible, by the behaviour of the smoke from incense, my theory of polarisation and an ectoplasmic cloud issuing from the orifice. Walter's 'condense your scanty force' seemed appropriate to this thought.

I said, "Thanks, Walter, I understand, and it shall be done."

Walter continued, "You have too much free space about you. Your medium's small forces are dissipated. Can't you make a cabinet, if you are going in for trance control?"

"Well, Walter, I might. I'll see."

"You have made a good beginning with your red light and box-condenser, but you have not gone far enough for real results. Conditions rotten at the moment."

"I'm not very sure we want trance phenomena, Walter. We are feeling our way along slowly, and have to digest what we get as we go along."

"Yes, Mina and your doctor say you are only dabbling."

"I know," I replied. "We have to find a meaning for your work which you have left behind with us. It is a very full record of the facts, and I take it all for gospel."

Margery wrote, "All right. Walter is anxious to try other things out. You must do just what you wish."

"But we are anxious to have his and your advice and help."

"Yes, but do not be at cross purposes; because, when your own intentions or ideas are at variance, it makes things confused."

"We all understand that, Margery."

"You want to talk to your own friends and relatives, of course, but do you understand that you must have a sympathetic medium on both sides and they must understand the symbols. It is just not easy. All kinds of contacts to consider. You must have a clear programme and keep a definite outline."

"Of course you are right, Margery. At present I do not see the road ahead. It seems to twist and wind about; there are no finger-posts. There are all sorts of facts recorded in your work, and at present they hardly seem to make sense."

"No, because it is all in little bits like a jigsaw puzzle or mosaic. We could not interpret either any more than your medium can. We could only take what came and deliver it faithfully, however it might look like nonsense. That is very difficult for an intelligent medium, because in a conscious state her reasoning mind instinctively intervenes. The whole point of a medium's training is selection without interference with the current of communication."

"Thanks, Margery, that last message requires a lot of thinking out. . . . One moment, Margery, Now that the light is up, just see if you can write with my hand on Planchette. As a rule I stop everything."

I now sat opposite D.D., N.C. standing away from the table.

"Mina S. Crandon." Gay flourishes followed.

"Why, Margery, that is capital, it went so easily! Go on. You see I want to get under your and Walter's influence to try to interpret what I can. I can always submit it to you for confirmation, can't I? You would not mind doing that? May I count on you?"

"Of course, but do not be too ingenious in your interpretations. Remember you have a number of different minds at work on both sides, all with their own ideas."

"I will bear that in mind, but see, we have already done something new. Planchette has never done anything like this under my hand, and so easily, too."

"Not easy, because you have weakened the circle." The writing became difficult, and the medium felt strained.

I said, "Sorry, and called N.C. to the condenser which I thought might have been emptied. Perhaps she could charge it up again. "No," corrected Margery, "keep your accustomed places." But the writing showed that power had returned. The red light was now turned on, and we resumed our usual positions.

"We will do our best. We have been discussing it with your own circle. We do not wish to interfere, just help when we can. Your Polish doctor is a tower of strength, and is doing what he can to train your mediums on both sides. How interesting it all is. I am simply loving my life, every second of it."

"I think that is due to you, Margery. I expect it is very difficult to describe, as we have no experience into which it would fit. Is that so?"

"Well, a great deal is censored, and I have got to get used to operations from the other side of the door. This writing is new to me from this side. You know I was more used to physical phenomena, and now, too, I am in touch with an alien brain."

"Well, you deserve your reward after all the bullying you underwent."

"No, the bullying doesn't trouble me any more. What other people say or do doesn't matter very much. What one says or does oneself is what really matters now. You see, whatever Walter and I did proved nothing to those who really did not want

to believe it. What proof have you that Margery is putting her thoughts on to your paper through the hand and brain of a stranger? You have to trust to your medium and to me."

"Margery, I have clearer proof of your personality than ever I had through your letters. I just know I am in touch with you. I can feel your influence. Yes, the proof satisfies me. I say I am absolutely satisfied."

"You are, dear friend, but what about some of the researchers? Walter says '...' (the writing changed to Walter's) "Aw shucks!"

"Is Walter fed up with our conversation? It is getting late."

"Walter was abusing the researchers. Yes, we will say good-night. We have enjoyed the sitting."

"So, indeed have we, Margery. *Au revoir.*"

The comments of those who knew Margery, and those who have studied the records of her work, are invited. If this article should catch the eye of those in America with whom Margery and Walter say they are working, would it not be interesting to compare notes? As I have said, I am satisfied that Margery and Walter have joined us.

The mediums were quite ignorant of the work done by the Crandon Circle, and at their first appearance their names conveyed nothing.

Margery's advice to our circle, that of a trained medium with a keen and cultivated mind, able to analyse mediumship as few mediums can: "The whole point of a medium's training is selection without interference"; and Walter's reference to his whistling: do not these bear the genuine stamp?

In my next article I shall show how Walter had his way (a perfectly natural desire, considering his previous work), and put our medium under trance control, despite her reluctance.

I might add that the poor conditions, to which our friends on the Other Side constantly refer, are due to our living in an area where aircraft are daily overhead, warnings are frequent during our sittings, and sometimes these have to be interrupted because of falling bombs. Yet we keep to a time-table as far as we can, feeling that our experiments are being guided and encouraged by those who can disregard such temporary set-backs.



NOTES BY THE WAY

The Council and membership of the Institute are very glad indeed to welcome Mrs. Lilian Bailey back after an absence of nearly two years, during which time she has been very much missed at Walton House. Her work as a medium is still of the same exceptionally high quality.

Mrs. Bailey is now going to live permanently in London, and for private sittings will work exclusively in the Institute.

* * *

The other medium who is exclusive to the Institute is Mrs. Mary Methven, who joined the staff of mediums nearly two years ago. During this period of regular work her mediumship has gained greatly in depth and reliability, and now reaches a very high standard.

* * *

The Institute is fortunate in having two such excellent sensitives on its permanent staff.

* * *

Of Mrs. Harrison's pupils, Miss Edmee Manning is showing very great promise as an automatic writing medium. Private sittings may now be booked with her at a moderate fee. Sittings with other mediums whose work conforms to the standard required by the Institute may of course be booked at any time.

* * *

The attendance at lectures has been so small during the past year, owing to difficulties of transport and the black-out regulations, that it has been decided to discontinue these for the time being. If, however, a group of members wished to have a lecture or a study class on any special subject, this could be arranged at any time.

* * *

In this way a special series of lectures took place during the summer session at the request of a group of members who are interested in the esoteric side of psychic work.

Dion Fortune, authoress of the *Mystical Qaballah* and Warden of the Fraternity of the Inner Light, gave a few most illuminating talks which were very much appreciated by the students present. These talks will be resumed as soon as circumstances permit.

To a certain type of psychic student, the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom are not only immensely interesting and satisfying in themselves, but are peculiarly helpful in throwing light on the problems of both physical and mental mediumship.

BOOK REVIEWS

WHAT LIES BEYOND ?

By A. M. Kaulback. (Rider & Co., 7/6.)

The so-called blurb gives only a very partial and in some respects rather false impression of this absorbing and, from the point of view of psychical research, quite important book. It is the story of a mother who through well-known mediums has remarkable and continuous communications with her soldier husband who dies suddenly and afterwards maintains touch with her two sons, one of whom is a well known explorer, in their expeditions in Thibet and the Sudan and their daily life abroad in India and elsewhere. More than this, she develops the ability of automatic writing herself and so converses constantly not only with her husband and other relations who have passed beyond but with Mrs. Eileen Garrett's two famous controls Uvani and Dr. Abdul Latif. What gives permanent value to the book is the proof her patient work in co-operation with these two guides gives that they are separate real entities and not as Mrs. Garrett likes to imagine secondary personalities of her own. Mrs. Kaulback has been fortunate in her experiences with mediums, some of the best known of our time, and bears strong testimony to their powers.

It is with the aid of Uvani and Abdul Latif that she keeps in almost daily touch with her two sons far away and often distant from civilisation and surrounded by dangers. These two bring her "pictures" of the young men which are often strikingly accurate, though not infrequently "out of time" being days ahead of or behind the actual happening. She maintained a diary for each son in which she recorded the pictures as given to her, sending off copies of them by post. The whole procedure is strongly reminiscent of *Thoughts Through Space* recently reviewed in this journal. The main difference is that the two young men did not consciously try to keep in touch with their mother.

One of the most striking features of the book is Uvani's concluding message through Mrs. Garrett just before she left for America apparently at the end of 1936. He lays down principles which must be followed for communication to be successful: (1) "An understanding comprehensive, sympathetic attitude"; (2) Mere curiosity is no good, there must be love which gives only desire to find the one loved; (3) But even this has its dangers. There must also be "self-control, selflessness, in order that any excess of emotion will not impede the way." (4) "Patience is a factor which is very necessary." (5) "It is not given to all to have the flame of pure love which reaching out blends with the love of the one who is gone."

On the other hand he condemns those "who think they can make investigation in the manner shown by a detector of crime on earth, rigid and critical in their attitude, suspicious, hard."

This is altogether a book that all types can and should read. There is interest and enlightenment for all.—B.A.C.

LIFE, NOW AND FOREVER

By Arthur J. Wills, C.E., Ph.D. (Psychic Book Club).

This is described in its sub-title as a summary of psychic research and is really an attempt to treat the evidence as a whole. Dr. Wills is President of the U.S. College of Psychic Science and Research, the location of which is not stated. He has certainly read widely and has had some remarkable experiences himself. To my mind he asks his readers to take too much for granted. His references are often vague and he quotes startling cases without disclosing any authority. For instance he says "In January, 1925, two of the crew of the tank ship *Watertown* died and were buried at sea. It was reported that the pair . . . were following the ship. Soon all on board declared they saw the apparition. . . . Then Capt. Keith Tracy exposed a six film roll. Five of the photos showed nothing unusual. The sixth *showed a face* . . . the pale features being easily identified as Meehan's" (one of the dead men). An episode like this may be perfectly true and vouched for by good evidence but as recorded is just a tale and nothing else.

This sort of thing is a real defect in the book, which is however full of interest and contains much good evidence and acute reasoning. Dr. Wills has collected some good examples of the sound functioning of the mind in spite of grave injury to the brain or complete decay of the brain matter. Cases of this kind as evidence that man is something more than mere flesh and blood appealed strongly to Camille Flammarion who narrates several in his famous trilogy. Not many could read *Life, Now and Forever* without learning something or wishing to learn more. Yet as a literary effort it is distinctly poor and requires an effort to read.—B.A.C.

★★★★

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